

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be stil'd the Lord o' th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of
a Battaille, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Correcor of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dustie, and old tytles, that healt with blood
The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world
O' th pluresie of people; I doe take
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name
To my designe; march boldly let us goe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-
vance.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause
Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
His power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as former*
Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power
To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage;
And wepe unto a Girl; that ha't the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke Mars's Drom
And turne th' allarme to whispers, that canst make
A Cripple florish with his Critch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may't force the King
To be his subjects vassalle, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whose youth like wonton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have skipt thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch
And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throte

Abuse

Abuse yong laies of love; what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To *Phabus* thou
Add'st flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres
Did scortch his mortall Son, chine him; the huntresse
All moyst and cold, some say began to throw
Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke
As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than Nettles;
I have never beene foule mouthd against thy law,
Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none; would not
Had I kend all that were; I never practised
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade
Of liberall wits: I never at great feastes
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blush'd
At simpring Sirs that did: I have beene harsh
To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who
A Lasse of foureteene bridged, twas thy power
To put life into dust, the aged Crampe
Had screw'd his square foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulsions from his globie eyes,
Had almost drawne their spheeres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture: this *Anatomic*
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I
Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not beleeve her? brieft I am
To those that prate and have done; no Companion
To those that boast and have not; a defyer
To those that would and cannot; a Rejoycer,
Yea him I doe not love, that tells close offices
The fowlest way, nor names concealements in
The boldest language, such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer then I. O then most soft sweet goddesse

L

Give